

# Thanks upon Thanks:

## OR, THE

# SUBURBS's JOY

## FOR THE

# City's Election.

**Y**OUR Joy (grave *Citizens*) is Ours, we find;  
 This Choyce to *You*, This Choyce to *Us* proves Kind!  
 We give Commission, that Our Thanks should wait on  
 The Kind Electors of Sir *Robert Clayton*,  
 Sir *Thomas Player*, *Pilkington*, and *Love*;  
 Thus We Our Joy, by This Return do prove.  
 For to throw *Papists* out, is all Your Aim;  
 Your Thoughts are Ours, they are the very same:  
 You Burn the *Pope*, We come to see him Burn'd;  
 Our Wrath, like Yours, against his Tribe is turn'd.  
 We hate a *Jesuit*, a *Priest* We hate;  
 We cou'd Crack *Muffle-Shells* upon his Pate:  
 We hate the *Moss*, and ev'ry thing like that;  
 Had I but time (Sirs,) I would tell You what.  
 But now I'll tell You, We do Love all those,  
 That are Abhorrrers of a *Roman* Nose;  
 And such, last *Fryday*, it appears You Chose.  
 We Thank you for Your Choice; This is the way  
 To pack both *Pope* and *Devil* quite away.  
 They gain no Ground, where such Men do appear:  
 They do no *Bulls* from *Roman* Empires fear.  
 Such Men, We do believe, they are, as stand  
 Zealously for the Int'rest of our Land.  
 Their Courage, Wit, and Parts have all been Try'd;  
 I'm sure, they *Four* would have been Dely'd,  
 Had they done half so much for th' *Roman* Crew,  
 As They have done for *Us*, and done for You.  
 Wisely they did Behave themselves, we find;  
 All of one Way, all of one Heart, and Mind.  
 They shook off Fear, and tramp'd upon Awe;  
 On Their Side stood the *Gospel*, and the *Law*.

This made them Bold as *Lyons*; every Man,  
 Through Thorns and Bryars, for the City ran;  
 Mildly, and Modestly, they play'd their Parts:  
 I do not wonder, that They won Your Heart.  
 Had You Elect'd others in their stead,  
 Surely you'd done a very Evil Deed:  
 For, Who could equalize the Parts and Care  
 Of *Clayton*, *Pilkington*, of *Love*, and *Player*?  
 Your Choyce was like *Yon*, *Grave*, *Discreet*, and *Wife*;  
 That all Men see, that have not *Poppish* Eyes.  
 And We, with all Our Hearts, do now Rejoyce,  
 That You have made so Good, so Bless'd a Choyce.  
 I know that some Men's Hearts, for Grief, do Bleed,  
 That You so soon, that You so well Agreed.  
 But who are they? Why? They are *Kings* of Hell,  
 Who when you Act like *Angels*, think not well.  
 They are the Spawn of a devouring *Pope*,  
 That Merit nothing better than a Rope.  
 The Seed of Evil Doers, who dayly strive  
 To keep the *Priests* and *Jesuits* Alive:  
 Men void of Grace, Wit, Honesty, and Sense,  
 Who itch to pay the *Pope* his *Peter-pence*.  
 These Men are they, who are not pleas'd to see,  
 That you so well, in your good Choice agree.  
 Such we have too too many here (*God* knows)  
 Who long for nothing more than Blood and Blows:  
 I wish they had them, were they but Destroyed,  
 Then Peace and Plenty would be soon enjoy'd.  
 The time may come, the time I hope to see,  
 That *King* and *Parliament* may well agree:  
 Then have at such uneasy *Knaves* as those,  
 Who long have been the *King*, and *Kingdoms* Foes.  
 God give the *King* to see those *Mulchier-makers*,  
 That they of *Stafford's* Fate may be Partakers.  
 Then will the City Flourish, Subjects Sing  
 Praises to *God*, and Thanks unto our *King*.  
 Oh! How I long methinks to see that day,  
 When *Papists* pack their Auls to go away:  
 May every City do as you have done;  
 This is one way I'm sure to make them Run.  
 May ev'ry County chuse such Worthy Men,  
 Chuse them, and Chuse, Chuse them yet agen;  
 Chuse them as oft as they're Dissolv'd, and then,  
 Wee'll have an Hundred to a *Roman* Ten.  
 May they make such a Choice in ev'ry *Burrough*,  
 May they Chuse such ev'n all the *Kingdom* thorough.  
 Then farewell *Pope*, farewell thy Plots to boot;  
 We shou'd have Peace, when thou wou'dst go, without.